Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

COLD WEATHER PROTECTION.

A Woman's Ingenious Device for Draughty Windows.

It is the exceptional house in these days of hastily built dwellings where one can sit close to the windows in cold weather without feeling chilled very quickly. In particular is this true of suburban detached houses. A writer describes a device of a Canadian woman which might be adopted with modifications by more than one housekeeper south of the Dominion border line:

"The room we were sitting in had a very large bow window, a place always cold unless lined with steam pipes, but this one was as comfortable as any other portion of the apartment. From the windowsills to the floor were what appeared like short curtains attached to tapes and fastened to the casings just above the sills. When these curtains were drawn aside I discovered padding at least 1½ inches thick. This was made of cloth of all sorts and tied like the ordinary comfortable.

"'I used all my old cloth,' said my friend, 'to make these pads. They are filled with autumn leaves that the children gathered when they were dry. These leaves are laid upon a piece of cloth made ready for the purpose. Another piece is laid over it. Then they are tacked through like a comfortable, as you see. In this one window, which measures about 15 feet of half circle, there are more than a dozen pads. They overlap each other, and are fastened to the floor by small tacks and strips of carpet binding. You will see that the floor is also padded. This cushion is made of ticking on the lower side and whatever pieces of cloth I happened to have on hand for the upper portion. It fits the window snugly, like a mat in a Japanese room. This is about 2½ inches wide. You notice that the wall pads come up to the level of the sill, and the curtains are an inch or so above them. This turns any draught of air that may creep through the double windows upward, and we never have any difficulty in sitting in this window in the coldest weather in winter. The walls of some of the rooms upstairs are protected with pads in the same way, especially the nursery, where the children spend most of the daytime. We try to keep the rooms warm, but children are extremely fond of being near windows, and without some such protection I found that they were liable to colds and frequently complained of chilliness. Since adopting this plan I have had no trouble. The little ones are rarely sick. There is an abundance of fresh air, but it is warm air, and comes from a clean place out of doors. That is one thing I am very particular about.

"'Every spring the stitches in these pads are cut—the basting threads at the edges, for they are only basted together with ordinary wrapping twine—and the leaves are thrown out. The ticks and cloths are washed, dried and put away in the attic, where they remain until wanted again. I never use the pads the second time without making over. And, although it involves quite a little work, it pays better than almost anything we can do in the warmth of the apartments and the health of the family.'"—N. Y. Ledger.

HINTS FOR THE HOSTESS.

Poster Menu Card Is a Feature of the Dinner Party.

There is an addition to the ice cream course. Very thin slices of graham bread lightly spread with butter are served in place of fancy cakes. The bread is frequently cut in odd shapes.

The menu card of the moment is a miniature poster. It made its first appearance in Paris. The favored few have the poster menus painted by artists of fame, but the young hostess who cannot afford this extravagance has to be content with those having the grotesque figures simply lithographed in gay colors. The menu cards are made of cardboard and are about four inches by six inches in size. The menu is printed on the back.

The woman who does not own candelabra will do well to invest in some daintily-colored candles in cream-white German-ware candlesticks. With these she can effectively light her table. Let the candles match in color the flower in her centerpiece. Buy or make dainty crepe paper shades in the same color as the candles. Altogether each candlestick will cost but little, and they may be used in many effective ways. One candlestick placed at each corner of the table will look well, or they may encircle the jardinieres, adding much to the beauty of the centerpiece. The candlesticks will answer for many dinners, the candles and shades changing with the flowers used.

The delft plate-rack is a charming addition to any dining-room. It is a bracket of wood enameled white and painted in delft designs. There are two narrow shelves for holding plates. The plates show to the best advantage standing on edge in narrow grooves. A genuine Dutch windmill in blue is the chief design of the bracket.—Chicago Tribune.

The Armenian Question.

Not even the Armenian question is new. Apparently Edward III. had to deal with it, though in the greatly modified form of three monks. In the year 1360 these refugees came to the king at Reading, and made complaint that the Mussulmans were trying to exterminate their people. Hence they had fled, and now asked leave to live in England and collect subscriptions for their fellow-sufferers. The king granted this petition and took the Armenians under his protection, but only as long as the protected should do nothing injurious to the king and realm and should "bear themselves in true faith and honesty." The incident is very curious. From that time to this—635 years—the persecution of the Armenians has seldom ceased. Yet the Armenians have survived and kept their faith. Surely there must be a good deal in a people with such a history as this.—London Spectator.

Forgiven.

"Aren't you the same beggar that I gave half a pie to last week?"

"I guess I am, mum; but I'm willin' to let bygones be bygones. It ain't in my heart to bear no malice."—Indianapolis Tribune.

WON AT LAST

By Bernard Bigsby.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Thus, it was resolved that another incumbrance should be laid on the broad back of the breadwinner, who shouldered the burden cheerfully, for George Harland had a big heart and never fretted over trifles.

The young women retired to put the children to bed, and the mechanic, well pleased with himself and his surroundings, drew his chair closer to the stove and lit his pipe to enjoy his usual evening smoke. As the clouds curled upwards to the ceiling the tint of his thoughts became less roseate—a feeling of unrest possessed him. Ally's broken health and Cohen's brutality rankled in his mind, and for the first time in his life he found himself wandering whether "Windy" Atkins, the demagogue of the yard, was not right after all in his denunciation of capitalists and his florid portrayal of the wrongs of labor. It did seem cruel that a fairly-educated, well-behaved girl like Ally should be wearing herself out for a bare subsistence.

Then, there was that little trouble down at the yard—not worth making a fuss about, certainly not to be mentioned to Nell—perhaps, after all, he ought to have taken more interest in it and attended the meeting at O'Brien's saloon to-night. Hanged, if he didn't think it would be a good thing to go and talk the matter over with that editor-fellow, Grey, if he should chance to be in his room.

He found our hero up to his eyes in study, but cordially glad to see him.

"I read that paper of yours, which Col. Gilchrist tossed into the waste basket, and see many good points in it—perhaps too conservative for these critical times, but that is a good fault."

"Well, sir," Harland answered, "I don't know, after all, that I'm right. It does seem hard that there should be so much suffering in this land of plenty, that one man should be rolling in riches and another equally industrious—for I take no account of loafers—should hardly be able to keep the wolf from the door."

"It does, indeed," Grey responded, decisively, thinking of his own attenuated services and inability to secure employment. "It is a hard problem to solve, and—" He paused and blushed scarlet. "I'm trying to master it. Don't think that I ever hope to be the apostle of the New Civilization, but I may be one of its pioneers."

Harland gazed at him with open-mouthed wonder.

"Concentration of wealth led to the French revolution, class privileges, and unequal taxes. How is it in America? Big concerns backed by huge capital crush the life out of small tradesmen, who must become servants or starve. We have law enough, but no justice. Who cares for the law who has money and influence sufficient to defy it? Our tax administration is a disgrace to civilization, and—"

"Still it's a pretty good country to live in, Mr. Grey."

"Yes, as long as your ox is not gored. If you could shut your eyes to the misery of thousands in this city of Chicago, you might think it a charming place to dwell in."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"Mass labor against capital."

"By trades unions?"

"Yes. By concentrated action. By the power of the ballot box."

"Talking of trades unions, I want your advice as to a case in point."

"Proceed."

"We had two men in our yard who have scamped their work and, as the saying goes, 'sassed the boss,' who gave them the sack. Now, there's some kind of a fuss about the matter and some of the men are attending a meeting to-night to talk the matter over. I don't suppose it will amount to much, but I'm kind of uneasy, and that's why I came upstairs."

"Oh, that is all nonsense. The workingmen of this country are too intelligent to make a mountain of such a molehill as that. I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

Nevertheless, just as Harland that night was going to bed, a tap came to the door, and a fellow workman beckoned him outside.

"I've been to the meeting, George, and I thought I'd drop in and tell you how things went."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," Harland laughed. "I know how things went, just as though I'd been there. 'Windy' Atkins made a screed on the bloated lumber lords, there was a good deal of beer consumed, and then Fred Sawyer and a few old hands just sat down on the silly performance."

"You are wrong, George," was the serious reply. "The only man who spoke at length was the walking delegate from New York, and—"

"Who in thunder's he?" Harland asked fiercely. "What can a New Yorker know about our local quarrels? And what did he say?"

"*Ordered us all out on a strike without an hour's notice.*"

CHAPTER X.

A WOMAN'S WORD.

"From plague, pestilence and famine, from battle and murder and from sudden death,' says the grand old Litany, "Good Lord, deliver us;" and assuredly, if the inspired sage who wrote these words had lived in the latter days, he would have added: "And from strikes and walking delegates," for humanity confronts no evil more appalling than the pitiless edict which goes forth that the breadwinner shall not toil, and his women and children shall be martyrs to the Great Cause of Labor versus Capital. Down in the dust fall the devotees of reform and the juggernautic car of demagogism crushes them to powder.

Only one little month of four weeks has elapsed since the shadow of evil fell upon the shipyards, and see what changes it has wrought. Men's very natures seem twisted from their normal beings from the passions which stir within them.

And poor Joe Henderson—Harland's young friend, who had just carried him the evil tidings—as honest a young fellow as ever wielded an adze, was one of the first victims of the unreasoning hatred of wealth—wrecking everything, even to Alice Palmer's love, for the bright "saleslady" was betrothed to him.

The shipbuilders, driven to exasperation by the unreasonable demands of the union on Moore & Marston, had voted a general "lock-out," and two thousand heads of families in the city of Chicago were out of employment. Men gathered at the street corners, crowded the great labor halls, paraded with bands and flags, or cheered in mass meetings Schlossinger's fierce denunciations of the bloated bondholders.

Meanwhile supplies from the labor league were served with tolerable regularity, and all felt that right must triumph over might.

Two months passed, and the subsidies from the central committee became less frequent. Still the masters stood firm; the men solid. Then went the startling whisper abroad that one hundred French-Canadian skilled mechanics had been hired in the place of the strikers, and that work would be resumed, under protection of big patrols of police, at Moore & Marston's yard on the following Monday.

Meanwhile how fared it with the Harlands? But badly. The insurance policy has lapsed, the upholsterer has taken away the parlor furniture, though it was nearly paid for, the sewing machine has been replevied, and Nellie's pretty volumes have been seized under "cutthroat contract" by the book agent. It is not a question of luxuries with them, but of bare subsistence.

An empty cupboard! It is difficult for one living in this land of plenty to realize what that means—what it means to see one's loved ones in want and lack the means of relieving them.

In vain Alice Palmer humbly appealed to Cohen for reemployment; the strike had hurt business, she was told, and she was not wanted.

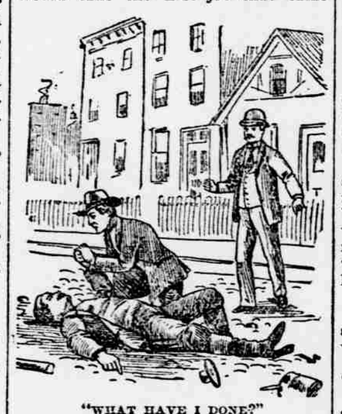
Grey meanwhile was busy. He had spoken at one or two meetings and perhaps had done more harm to the cause of order than Schlossinger could accomplish in his wildest flights of blatant fury, for this young enthusiast brought forward batteries of strong argument that appealed to the reason rather than the emotion of men and made him converts of the cooler, steadier hands, who had but laughed at their comrades' frenzies. Grey was intense, earnest, ready to lay down his life for the cause.

Now, when the Monday morning came on which it was announced that Moore & Marston's yard would be in "full blast" again, George Harland, who had all along declared that no union in a free country should stop him from working when work was to be got, started from his home with his dinner pail in his hand.

"Do not be a fool; you are risking your life," had been Grey's advice, nettled at the obstinacy of the man who would not acknowledge that the few must suffer for the benefit of the many.

"Do not go!" Alice cried, clinging tearfully on his arm.

"Pshaw, girl!" he replied roughly. "I never drew a cent of the union's money, and I've always declared that I would take the first job that came



"WHAT HAVE I DONE?"

along. No man shall dictate to me whether I work or lie idle."

So George Harland went to his doom.

The day passed wearily for the women. Night came on, and with heart-beating anxiety they waited the coming of the breadwinner. "George is late," Nell said, nervously; "I do wish he would come."

"Oh, he will be here before long," Alice replied, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Hark!" the young wife screamed as she flew to the door: "What is that noise in the street?"

Grey, attracted by the tumult, flew downstairs and joined the trembling women.

What a sight met their gaze! Their George—the idol of this humble home—with blood-stained face and torn clothes—swinging his ax over his head and battling for his life against a hundred fierce assailants. In vain a dozen policemen rally round him. They are beaten down like grain before the sickle; and the mob, hoarse and furious, rushed over their bodies on to the victim. There was something grand in his despairing efforts, as, like a gladiator, he faced his enemies.

"Down with the scab! Kill him! kill him!" shriek a score of angry voices.

Ah, surely it is all over.

Felled to the earth by a crushing blow on the back of the head, he drops at the feet of his persecutors.

"Hang him! Hang him!" yell the infuriated mob.

But over his prostrate body stands Frank Grey, unarmed—pouring forth an impassioned appeal to the frenzied men to spare their victim. Impotent, but heroic effort. Men had lost their reason and become tigerlike in blind ferocity. An instant and he would have lain beside his senseless friend, when the hissing pings of rifle bullets spread terror among the crowd. "The Pinkertons! The Pinkertons!" is the cry, and as the name of that dreaded police agency is heard, the mob sways backwards and forwards for a moment, then breaks like an ocean wave spent by its own fury. All fly but one. He bends low over the fallen figure and lifts the nerveless arm which hides the battered face.

"George Harland!" he shrieks. "My God, what have I done?"

He helps Grey bear the lifeless burden to the house, he hears little Willie's piteous cry, as they lay it on the bed, he lingers for one moment at the door and tries to utter a few words of sympathy, which his parched lips refuse to form, he looks in mute appeal to Alice, he sees her pointing to the door, and hears her scornful "Go!" with a groan, as he slinks into the deserted street, straight on his way to give himself up at the nearest police station.

For days George Harland's spirit hovered between life and death—and all the time the wolf was at the door, and the poor, stricken women knew not where to turn for help, too proud even to let their lodger know they were lacking the bare necessities of life.

"Allie," said the sorrowful wife one day, when George was convalescing, "will you take care of Willie? I am going down town."

"Yes; but where are you going, Nell?"

"To the pawnbroker's," was the sad reply.

"Oh, Nell!"

Those who live in less prosperous countries could hardly understand the tone of anguish in the girl's tones, where none is so poor he would not blush to own he had fled to that last refuge of the destitute.

"And I must bear my share of the sacrifice. Oh, do let me, Nell," and Alice ran to fetch the pretty trinkets and best dress it had cost her so much pinching to earn.

In rapid succession all other superfluities followed—then the necessities, the spare sheets and blankets, George's best clothes, and one sorrowful day saw the young, sobbing wife draw her wedding ring from her finger and pass down the street to the house with the three golden balls.

How vain had been George Harland's boast of his superb strength, mechanical skill, temperate habits, and profitable employment. He, who had defied sickness and laughed at misfortune, now lay a physical wreck in a gaunt home blighted by the curse of a walking delegate.

CHAPTER XI.

WORDS OF FLAME.

A mass meeting.

No hall could hold the vast concourse of excited men and women gathered to discuss the labor trouble, which threatened to spread like fire into the industries, and even to give color to the dread of an outburst of communism, which has always been a bugbear to Chicago.

Loud of voice and strong of lung, Demagogue Schlossinger roared his denunciations from the platform with a rude brute eloquence that even struck chords of sympathy in Frank Grey's heart, much as he despised the man.

It was a bitter arraignment of the wealthy classes, showing under a glaring light of savage criticism the jobberies and corruptions of public offices, the cruel tyranny of monopolies, the hard, fettered fate of the man who had to work for his daily bread. Vulgar and ill-bred as the fellow was he was a born orator, and when he rose to passion in his speech men listened with breathless interest.

But a strange thing was to happen.

The speaker was in the midst of the most lurid flight of his imagination, and paused with folded arms to let the weight of his words sink into the hearts of his hearers.

Every eye was fixed on him. Every bosom was thrilled with emotion.

Suddenly—no one could say exactly how or whence she came—a young woman sprang to his side, pale as marble and with flashing eyes, hatless and with hair streaming in the wind.

She stood for a moment facing the astonished multitude, then, in a voice laden with passion, but clear and musical as a bell, she cried with unconscious plagiarism:

"Men and women hear me, for I will speak. I come to you from a home made desolate by your folly, from the bedside of a half-murdered husband, with the cries of my children for bread ringing in my maddened ears. O, listen to me! For the sake of your wives and little ones you must and shall hear me."

The silence was intense.

"Order," yelled Atkins, recovering his self-possession. "Throw her out! Off with the crazy fool."

"No, no!" roared the fickle crowd. "Let her speak."

Was this ill-clad young woman inspired?

Words leaped from her lips in clear, resonant tones that held the people spellbound. Men forgot her haggard look and mean attire, as their ears drank in the music of her voice, as they listened to the terrible tale of their sufferings; and when in glowing tones she pictured her happy days before the strike, and drew the contrast of her present blighted hearth, the women sobbed with sympathy and even men's eyes filled with tears.

Nor did they grow restive when she reproached them for sacrificing to their pride the comfort of those they should have loved dearer than their lives—the folly, the madness of their actions, which had led them to the very verge of murder.

"And for what," she cried, "for what have you steeped your souls in crime and shadowed your homes in poverty? For a sentiment—for a weak, sickly sense of offended dignity, which a schoolboy would blush to pout over."

Then, with infinite tenderness, she drew a picture of her sister's sorrows, and the tragic story of Joe Henderson's love and ruin. And at last, in one grand burst of passionate eloquence, with quivering lips and tear-stained face, she appealed to the women, the real sufferers in this unequal fight, to lend their sympathy and lead the bread winners back to a sense of duty.

She finished—cast one look full of mute pathos at the people—and with head bowed low retreated from the platform.

For a moment there was silence; then the pent-up feelings of those thrilling forty minutes burst forth in one tremendous roar of applause.

Cheer upon cheer greeted the brave girl, as she stepped through the crowd; women clung round her and kissed her 'mid mingled tears and laughter; men shook her by the hand and poured lavish praises in her ears.

Well might those self-elected tribunes of the people, Schlossinger and Atkins, look glum, for the backbone of the strike was broken and the next day the busy hum of industry made music in the erst deserted shipyards of Chicago.

And one man went back to his lodging dismayed at the events—feeling very much as if his temple of theories were but a house built of cards, which a girl with her finger had toppled over and left him more in doubt than ever as to which was the best way to solve the intricate problem of the rights of labor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Culinary Item.

She—What shall I cook for dinner? You know the cook has left, and I'll have to do the cooking myself.

He—Well, just cook me some dish that I don't like, something that I wouldn't eat anyhow, even if it was properly cooked.—Texas Siftings.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Russia stands third among the nations in the number of books published, surpassing Great Britain. As but little fiction is printed the enormous output of serious literature is the more remarkable.

—The center of the city of Birmingham, England, is being undermined by the myriads of rats infesting the sewers. The damage done to property is incalculable. In one place no fewer than 350 rats were caught in one day.

—The Cooperative Wholesale Society, limited, of London, has no fewer than 240 employes engaged in clerical work in a single apartment, 156 feet long by 60 feet broad. The sales of the concern amount to considerably over $50,000,000.

—Egyptians are very prolific. The native births in 1894 were 335,540, while the deaths were only 192,103. The native population of Egypt up to the Second Cataract and including the oases, is about 8,000,000. The natives are thoroughly convinced that the muddy waters of the Nile increase the procreative powers.

—Dr. Caster has discovered in a heap of torn papers sent to him from Yeman, Arabia, an ancient book of magic called "The Sword of Moses." It is written in a Syrian hand, the first part in Hebrew and the last in Aramaic. It will be published with a translation and fac-similes in the transactions of the Royal Asiatic society.

—The first rivers mentioned in authentic history are alluded to in Genesis. They are the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel and the Euphrates, which are said to have flowed from the garden of Eden. Various attempts have been made to identify these streams, but no agreement has been reached among the authorities save in the case of the last.

—A curious form of life insurance is springing up in French manufacturing towns under the name of La Fourmi (the ant). The peculiarity is that the longer a man lives the less he is entitled to. The payment of one dollar a month assures the payment of $1,000 to the heirs of a man dying before the age of 38, the payment diminishing proportionately to $500 at 51. The idea seems to be that if a man dies young his children are likely to be in want, but when he is 50 they will be able to earn their living.

MOUTH OF THE COLORADO.

Millions of Birds for Hunters in the Gulf of California.

At the head of the gulf the quantity of birds is something that can now be seen in few places in America. The sheets of ducks that stream along the water or darken acres of its blue, or are strung in long chains along the sky above, remind one of the palmy days of the Illinois river before the market shooter had made any impression on it. The shore at ebb tide is lined with an assortment of bay birds such as can be seen nowhere in the United States to-day. The brown curlew, with his sickle bill, turns the other way, and whose white body and black wings shine afar over the waters. Dowitchers and sanderlings willet and palaropes, plover and sand pipers, a motley host, little and big, gray, white, brown, pepper and salt, and all sorts of combinations—dot almost every foot of the shore for mile after mile, league after league. Here they run in little troops, and there trot about singly and in pairs; here them skim the bars with restless wing, and there wade about in the ebbing tide. One prepared for it, and who understands it, can have the finest of shooting; but one needs a shotgun, with wading boots as well as elsewhere, and must learn the ground. One must remember that ducks are no longer pulled down anywhere with a garden rake, and that even for geese the rake now needs an extra long handle.

Fish and green turtles abound in the gulf, but, as in California waters, midwinter is not the season for the best fishing. The head of the gulf is shallow for a long distance, and quite free from danger of heavy waves, and early spring would doubtless yield fine and curious fishing there. Several varieties of fish are found in the river, but its waters are so turbid, though the fish are fairly good, the fishing cannot be called attractive.

The weather is lovely except when heavy storms on the Pacific side reach over the high mountains. But such days must be the rare exception, and the winter climate about the mouth of the Colorado is probably about as near perfect as can be found. The trip is a surprise as well as a pleasure even to those familiar with California, Arizona and Mexico, and a longer stay by parties better fixed for exploration than the last would doubtless discover many new points of interest, as the country is quite unknown to the white man. The Indians are all friendly and accommodating, and there is nothing in the idea that the Cocopahs are uncivilized and dangerous.—N. Y. Times.

Mining Sulphur with Hot Water.

For many years vain attempts have been made to get at a great deposit of sulphur lying 400 feet underground at Calcasieu, La. The difficulty arose from the fact that above the sulphur lies a quicksand 160 feet deep. A few years ago the plan was tried of freezing the quicksand by means of refrigerating apparatus, and then boring through it, but the undertaking failed. Recently it was decided to try melting the sulphur and pumping it up, and this method has proved successful. Superheated water is forced down a ten-inch pipe leading through the quicksand into the sulphur. The melted sulphur mingled with water is then pumped up through another pipe, and exposed to the air until the water evaporates, leaving the sulphur in a nearly pure form.—Youth's Companion.

The Guest Chamber.

The Japanese believe in banishing from the bedroom everything which is not really necessary to that department. All things useful they make as decorative as possible; but for mere ornament's sake little or nothing is added, unless it be a vase containing flowers arranged in their own inimitable way, or something equally simple. Their custom will bear consideration by the housewives of our western world, for by this Japanese method the utmost neatness, simplicity and repose is possible. Add beauty and daintiness, and little else is left to be desired. Bedrooms so appointed may be easily kept in order and free from dust—that foe to comfort and health.—Womankind.

PITH AND POINT.

The New Girl.—"Johanna, don't forget to dust the bric-a-brac." "No ma'am. Where do you keep the dust?"—Detroit Free Press.

—He (significantly) — I am my father's only child, you know, Miss Blood." She—"Well, you can't blame him, Mr. Sappy."—Brooklyn Life.

—"I wonder," said the younger one, "if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to your age?" "You would be lucky if you did," replied the elder one.—Tit-Bits.

—Whyso—"This physiognomist says that aggressive, impulsive people generally have black eyes." Knowso—"If not at first, they get them later."—Truth.

—"No," said Mr. Wheeler, "I have my doubts about my bicycle being able to displace the horse. The time I tried it, the horse and buggy came out of the collision without a scratch."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Dear me, Adelbert," said the poet's wife, "this stuff don't make sense." "I know that as well as you do," said the poet. "It isn't intended to make sense. It is to make dollars. It was ordered by a magazine." — Washington Star.

—"That was a very fine speech you made the other night," said one Pittsburgher to another. "I didn't make it the other night," replied the latter. "I delivered it the other night, but it took me a month to make it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

—Bostonian—"It is a fortunate thing for the English language that these distressing accidents on the trolley roads occur in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, where the reporters have ample time to write, instead of in your city." New Yorker — "Why?" Bostonian—"Because your reporters would refer to the victims as having been trolleycuted."—Harper's Bazar.

—When the lecturer inquired dramatically: "Can anyone in the room tell me of a perfect man?" there was a dead silence. "Has anyone," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman in a black dress rose up in the back of the auditorium and answered: "There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife.'—Massachusetts Ploughman.

A UNIQUE OVERCOAT.

It Is Made of the Skins of Unborn Musk Oxen.

S. N. Malterner, of Spokane, wears an overcoat that is bound to attract attention, no matter where it is seen. The coat is made out of fur of the unborn musk ox, and, while not only very rare, is exceedingly pretty. The coat is light in weight and were it not for the weight of the lining would seem as though made of the softest down. The color is a light silver gray when the light is upon it from one direction and as soon as the light is shifted it turns to a clear gray. When seen under a light not very bright it has the appearance of jet black. Mr. Malterner says that it has attracted so much attention in the eastern cities that he had to lay it aside to keep from being bothered answering questions as to what it was and where he got it.

"The fur of the unborn musk ox," said he, "is very rare. In fact, it cannot be had for money. The way I got the fur to make this one was peculiar. Two years ago I made a trip to the Great Slave lake, and in fitting out at Athabasca Landing I bought a canoe, paying $100 for it. It was along toward fall when I got back to the landing, and there I met an old trapper, who had been hunting and trapping along the lakes and rivers for a number of years. He seemed to take quite a fancy to my canoe, although he did not say anything, but was looking it over carefully and noting its good points, as a horse fancier would a blooded horse. Finally he stepped up to me and said: 'Say, mister, what are you going to do with that boat?'

"At that time I had no expectations of ever going up in that part of the country again and, as the boat could be of little value to me, I answered: 'Just to show you that the Yankees are all right I'll give you that boat.' He was greatly pleased and, after looking it over again, he said: 'Well, I'll just show you that the old trapper is all right, too,' and, taking me over to his warehouse, he got a number of these furs and gave them to me. At a cash value they would be worth many times the canoe, and they were his accumulation for a number of years.

"After making the coat, I found that I only lacked two of having enough to make a jacket for my sister, and when I went on my trip down the Mackenzie this year I met the trapper again and told him that I should like to get three more. He loaned me the canoe that I had given him the year before, and when I returned to the landing in the fall he had three furs for me."—Spokane Spokesman.

Life in Dust.

Of all other factors, perhaps dust has its considerable part in the processes of nature; for miscroscopic dust in the atmosphere does not always consist of the coarse motes which may be sometimes seen in the path of a sunbeam. There is much that is wonderful and mysterious concealed in the existence of dust, for even in the pure air, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, it has been ascertained that there are about 34,000 dust particles per cubic inch, but in a room in a crowded city they would amount to no less than 30,000,000 particles per cubic inch. It will be, therefore, easy to understand how important an influence this invisible dust must exercise over the health conditions of a highly sensitive organism; although their chemical analysis is difficult, the more exact elements of these dust particles can be scientifically determined. These minute atoms are at first microscopic, but become visible and are ever increased by contact with the surrounding land and water. Perhaps, however, that which concerns atmospheric hygiene most are the living organisms contained among the dust particles or bacteria as we shall call them.—National Board of Health Magazine.

—The pitfall, much used in Africa and South America as a means of catching large game, is an imitation of the device employed by the ant lion to entrap his prey. This curious insect digs a conical hole in the sand and lies in wait at the bottom. When an incautious ant approaches too near the top the sand gives way and he slides down into the jaws of his enemy.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

HOGHOUSE AND YARDS.

A Striking Novelty in the Line of Convenient Piggeries.

The accompanying illustration represents an easily-constructed hoghouse and system of yards which I find to be quite convenient. Fig. 1 is an exterior view of the house, only a portion being shown, which is covered with boards and battens. The outer posts are 3 feet high; the rafters are 24 feet long, and meet at a common point. Fig. 2 shows the ground plan of the house and yards; a a, etc., are 4x4 posts

FIG. 1.—PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF PIGGERY.

reaching from the ground to the roof; b b and c c are doors to each pen. The sizes of pens and lots are represented in the cuts. For roofing I used 1x12 boards; 1,536 feet were required. To avoid waste in cutting, get one-half of this in 16-foot lengths, one-fourth in 14-

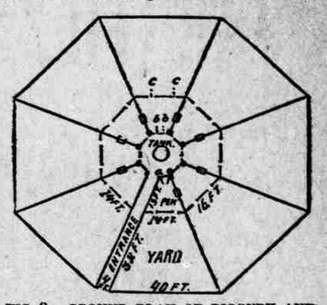


FIG. 2.—GROUND PLAN OF PIGGERY AND YARDS.

foot, and the remainder 12-foot. For partitions and yards, use 16-foot fencing. Feed bins can be made over each pen.—American Agriculturist.

A WORD OF WARNING.

Why Care Should Be Exercised in the Purchase of Hay.

The London Live Stock Journal offers a word of warning that may deserve attention in this country as well as abroad:

More care is commonly taken by horse owners as to the quality of the oats than of the hay they purchase. Yet there is a greater difference between good and inferior hay than between the best and, say, third or fourth-class oats. Hay varies greatly, not only in the quality of the herbage of which it is composed, but in the conditions under which it has been harvested, and in how it has cured in the stack. Horses rarely suffer from eating bad oats, while much disease in the stable is attributable to the quality of the hay they consume. It has been estimated that about 50 per cent. of the cases of colic which occur in large stables are due to the hay with which the horses are provided. Owners of large studs frequently experience an outbreak of colic among their animals with the purchase and consumption of a fresh consignment of hay. Hay poor in quality and badly stacked is a most expensive fodder, from the disease it frequently engenders, as well as from its low consuming value. Great care should be exercised in the purchase of foreign hay.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Grade up your stock, for both home and foreign markets require a better quality of meat than ever before.

A ewe should not be required to move about much for a few hours after lambing. If her teats are closed against the efforts of the lamb, squeeze them out with the wetted fingers.

A ewe which disowns her lamb or one which is required to adopt another should be confined alone with it in a dark place, and out of hearing of other sheep, and she should be held several times a day for it to suck.

In order to secure the many desirable good qualities which go to make up a first-class flock of sheep, great care is taken in the selection of a buck with reference to the particular flock of ewes with which he is to be put.

Before sheep are changed from hay to grass in the spring they should be carefully looked over, and all horns and hoofs that threaten to be troublesome carefully removed. The hoofs can be taken off with pruning shears, but a fine saw is needed for horns.

There is real economy in feeding straw and corn fodder. There is no question but that stock can be wintered as well upon these as upon high priced hay. When these are fed with bran, having a higher albuminoid ratio, they enable an animal to digest and assimilate better than when corn is fed with them.—Farmer's Voice.

Ration for Cattle or Sheep.

Clover, hay, bran and wheat straw make up a complete ration in growing cattle or sheep. It makes a cheap food. It will bring a little better result if the straw and clover could first be run through a feed-cutter and then the bran be added. But, if this cannot be done, the next best plan is to feed the straw and clover in racks or mangers, and the bran in boxes or troughs. There will be much less waste in this way than by allowing the stock to run in the stacks and help themselves. What is left in the racks or mangers can be used for bedding, and in this way be converted into a valuable fertilizer.

How to Keep Swine Healthy.

A Country Gentleman correspondent says: According to our experience, both Poland-Chinas and Berkshires have proved healthy and thrifty; both take a wide range if permitted and are busy foragers. We have had no trouble with our hogs since adopting the plan of keeping them altogether within our own lines. It seemed a pity that they could not get the benefit of the mast in our own unfenced woodland, but our neighbors' half-wild and woefully neglected swine also ran there, and would now and then share with ours some dangerous disease.